



# FEATURE Funnies

SEPTEMBER

NO. 12

10¢



JOE PALOOKA'S  
TRAINING  
QUARTERS  
SPARRING PARTNERS  
WANTED!


*Knolly Alish*






WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM






ALL US  
CHAMPEEN  
ATHLETES  
EAT  
CANDY!

WELL, GEORGE  
BUNGLER, FOR  
ONCE WE AGREE---  
CANDY  
IS A  
REAL  
FOOD!




**CANDY**  
IS

**DELICIOUS FOOD**  
*ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!*



I DO ENJOY  
CANDY EVERY  
DAY--IT KEEPS  
ME FULL  
OF PEP!

OH BOY!  
BETWEEN  
ME AND  
YOU---  
CANDY  
IS MY  
FAVORITE  
DISH!







# MICKEY FINN

© 1934, Lank Leonard

By LANK LEONARD







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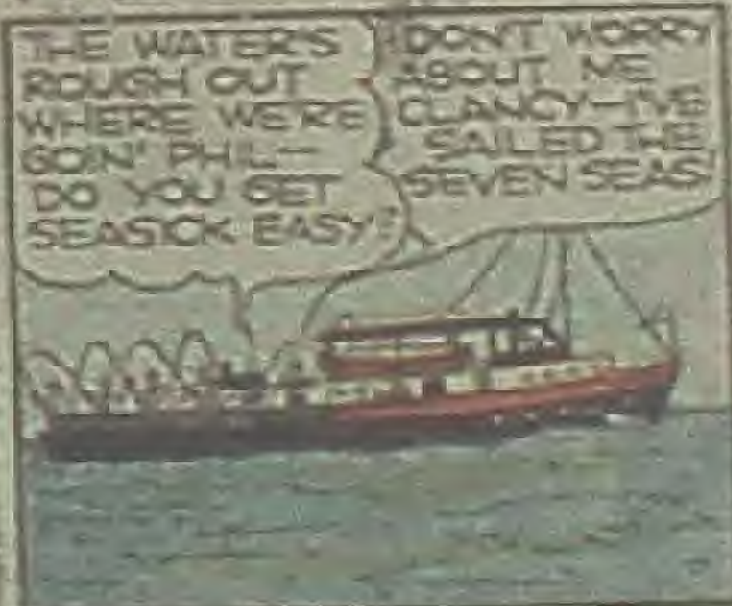




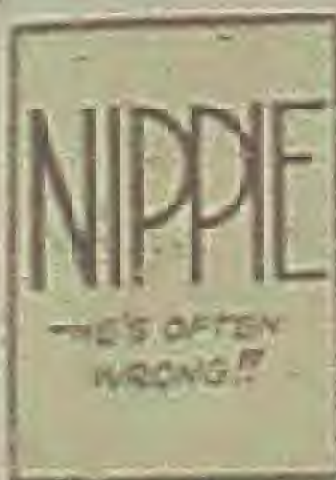


## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







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Follow Mickey Finn in the October Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES-on sale August 21st.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



GUESTS OF THE HOTEL BARBARY WORTH,  
EL CENTRO CAL. EAT BELOW SEA LEVEL  
AND SLEEP ABOVE SEA LEVEL...  
THE FIRST 3 STORIES ARE  
BELOW AND THE TOP 3 ARE ABOVE



ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
WORE A BEARD FOR ONLY  
4 1/2 YEARS...  
Oct., 1860 - April, 1865



TWIN STALKS  
OF CORN WERE  
GROWN BY  
CHARLES CYPERT  
FROM A  
DOUBLE-HEARTED  
GRAIN OF CORN  
FOUND NEAR  
FLIPPIN, ARK.

SAY AH!  
THERE ARE 9 DIFFERENT  
WAYS OF SOUNDING THE  
LETTER "A" --

AH  
ALL  
WAS  
OVAL  
BARE  
AT  
ASK  
ANY  
ATE



WALTER JOHNSON -  
Washington, A.L.  
LED HIS LEAGUE IN  
PITCHING STRIKEOUTS  
FOR 12 YEARS --  
8 YEARS IN A ROW!  
HE FANNED A TOTAL  
OF 3477 BATTERS

*John Hix*

## THE GREAT PYRAMID

WAS THE LARGEST  
SINGLE, MAN-MADE STRUCTURE  
IN THE WORLD FOR OVER  
49 CENTURIES!

IT IS SURPASSED ONLY BY THE  
GRAND COULÉE AND  
BOULDER DAMS



# LALA PALOOZA

By ALICE GOLDBERG



IT'S MY MOTORCYCLE COP-FOOLER SIS-I PRESS A BUTTON AND THOSE FRAMES FOLD DOWN ON EACH SIDE OF THE CAR-MAKING IT LOOK LIKE A BRIDGE-WE STOP QUICK AND THE COP GOES UP THE BACK AND RIGHT OVER US!



LOOK VINCENT-- A MOTORCYCLE COP-- WE'RE SUNK!



KEEP GOIN' SIS-- UNTIL I THINK OF SOMETHIN'

IT'S GOTTA BE GOOD!



I GOT IT-- TELL HIM IN SCK AND YOU'RE RUSHIN' ME TTHE HOSPITAL

HOPE IT WORKS!



LADY-- YOU WERE GOIN' SIXTY! LEMME SEE YOUR LICENSE!

OFFICER, MY BROTHERS VERY SICK AN I'M RUSHIN' IN TTHE HOSPITAL

OW!



TAKE IT EASY BUDDY I'LL HELP YOU GET THERE IN A HURRY!



HEY-- MIKE-- JOE-- SAM-- PAUL-- MOE-- TOM-- QUICK! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

RIGHT WITH YA JERRY!



EVERYTHINGS OKAY LALA-- WHEN WE GET TTHE HOSPITAL I'LL TELL 'EM IN BETTER AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY AGAIN!

VINCENT, YOU'VE GOT A FAST BRAIN FOR SUCH A SLOW BODY!



DON'T BE SCARED PAL-- THE SAW-BONES GUYS KNOW THEIR STUFF!

BUT LOOK-- I FEEL BETTER NOW



THE POOR GUYS DELIRIOUS!

LEMME GO, I TELL YA!



LOOKS LIKE EGYPTIAN MEASLES TO ME

NO-- I DIAGNOSE IT AS GALLOPING MADDOOLA!

LISTEN DOC, I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE



GET OPERATION ROOM B READY AT ONCE!

OH BABETTE WHAT WILL WE DO!

WHAT'LL MISTER VINCENT DO!

LOOKS GOOD FOR YOU!







# Life Paroozo

By Gene Golden

IT'S ONE OF MY SIMPLEST INVENTIONS SIS-- IF YLIFT YOUR HEAD THE LIGHTED FLSE SETS OFF THE FIRECRACKER WHICH SHOTS THE TIN CAN IN THE AIR WHICH PUTS THE RIDDLE CAUSING THE HAND TIDUSH YOUR HEAD DOWN!!



VINCENT-THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL GOLF COURSE. I'M GOING TO STOP AND PLAY A ROUND! YOU GO BY YOURSELF LALA-- NO DITCH DIGGER!



MISTER PROFESSIONAL, GIVE ME THE MOST EXPENSIVE CLUBS YOU'VE GOT! YE'VE COME THE RIGHT MAN-- I'M JOCK MAC-WIFE-- AH MAKE TH GREAT PLAYER'S CLUBS.



NOODON--THESE CLUBS ARE BOLANCED TTH HUNDR-R-REDTH OF AN OONCE-- THE SHAFT IS R-REAL GLASSOW STEEL!! WILL IT MAKE ME PLAY GOOD?



OH-I CANT WANT THT THE BALL MISTER MACWIFE! AN' HERES A BALL THT'S MADE FOR BR-R-REAT DISTANCE!



THAT CLUB SINGS LIKE A HELLAND LARK! ZING



YOU'RE A WEE BIT ONXIOUS NOODON-- TAKE THIS NOONBER FOUR-- IT'S A BONNIE COUPLE STICK! IT ONLY WENT A FEET



NOW-KEEP YOUR PR-RETTY HEAD DOON LASSE-- AN' FOLLOW THR-ROUGH VY YER SOFT PINK ARMS! OH-MISTER MAC-WIFE!



LOOK--THAT'S WHAT AH MEAN-- A PER-R-FECT PITCH T'HE GR-REEN--AH, THERE'S A GOLFER FOR YA



YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF IF YA ONLY GK TH CLOOB A CHANCE! LET ME GO UP AND SEE HOW HE DOES IT--



SIS-I FOUND AN OLD BALL AN' HIT IT WITH THIS STICK JUST ONCE AN' IT WENT IN THE HOLE-- DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING?



SQUAW THANK NICE LADY FOR GOOD PAPOOSE BAS! MAYBE YOUR CHIEF CAN MAKE THOSE CLUBS OVER INTO ARROWS TOO!



# LALA PALOOZA

RUBE GOLDBERG

WHAT'S THAT MACHINE FOR, VINCENT?

LALA-IT'S MY X-RAY TO CHECK UP ON BIG MOVIE STARS SALARIES--- BILLINGSLEY HERE IS SUPPOSED TO GET 15000 A WEEK-- HIS CHECK IS \$274.88!



HOLLYWOOD AT LAST! I'M GONNA GIVE A SWELL DINNER FOR A SELECT FEW OF THE STARS

I KNOW A GUY IN THE MOVIES WHO IS A STAND-IN FOR A MONKEY!



I WANT CAVIAR-PHEASANT-CREPE SUZETTE-BAKED ALASKA AND CHAMPAGNE!

YES MADAM



VINCENT-MAIL THESE INVITATIONS TO THE GREAT MOVIE STARS!

I HOPE ONE OF 'EM WILL AUTOGRAPH MY NADON!



HELLO VINCENT--WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN HOLLYWOOD?

HELLO JOE--LALA'S GIVIN' A BLOWOUT FOR MOVIE STARS. I'M MAILIN' 'EM INVITATIONS!



GOSH--THERE GO TH' INVITATIONS! ANY I DON'T KNOW WHO WAS INVITED!

DON'T WORRY VINCE, I'LL GET YOU LOTS OF MOVIE ACTORS!



THE BOYS'LL BE GLAD TO GET A FREE MEAL!

MOVIE EXTRAS CLUB



MADAM, THE GUESTS ARE ARRIVING. SHALL I ANNOUNCE EACH ONE?

CERTAINLY BUTLER--THOSE BIG NAMES WILL BE THRILLING!



LARRY THE LUG!!



ADOLPH SCHNITZEL--DUNK--BORIS FLOPOVITCH--MORRIS LA MORON--MAGGIE DISHRAS--BRONKO BILL DIMWIT--



YIPPEE!!

CAVIAR I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE THE REVOLUTION!

ACH--YOOST LIKE MY LEVA COOKED TIL SHE RAN OFF WIT DER MIDGET!

OH!



WELL, I'M GONNA SEE A REAL MOVIE STAR IN THE FLESH EVEN IF IT'S FROM A BALCONY SEAT!

TONIGHT PERSONAL APPEARANCE TYRONE CLARK TAYLOR

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the October issue--on sale August 31st.



# TODDY

by  
GEORGE MARCOUX





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



# Flossie

by  
AL ZERE



More Adventures of Toddy and Flossie in the October Issue—on sale August 31st.



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



"WAKE UP! IT'S TIME FOR YOUR SLEEPING MEDICINE!"



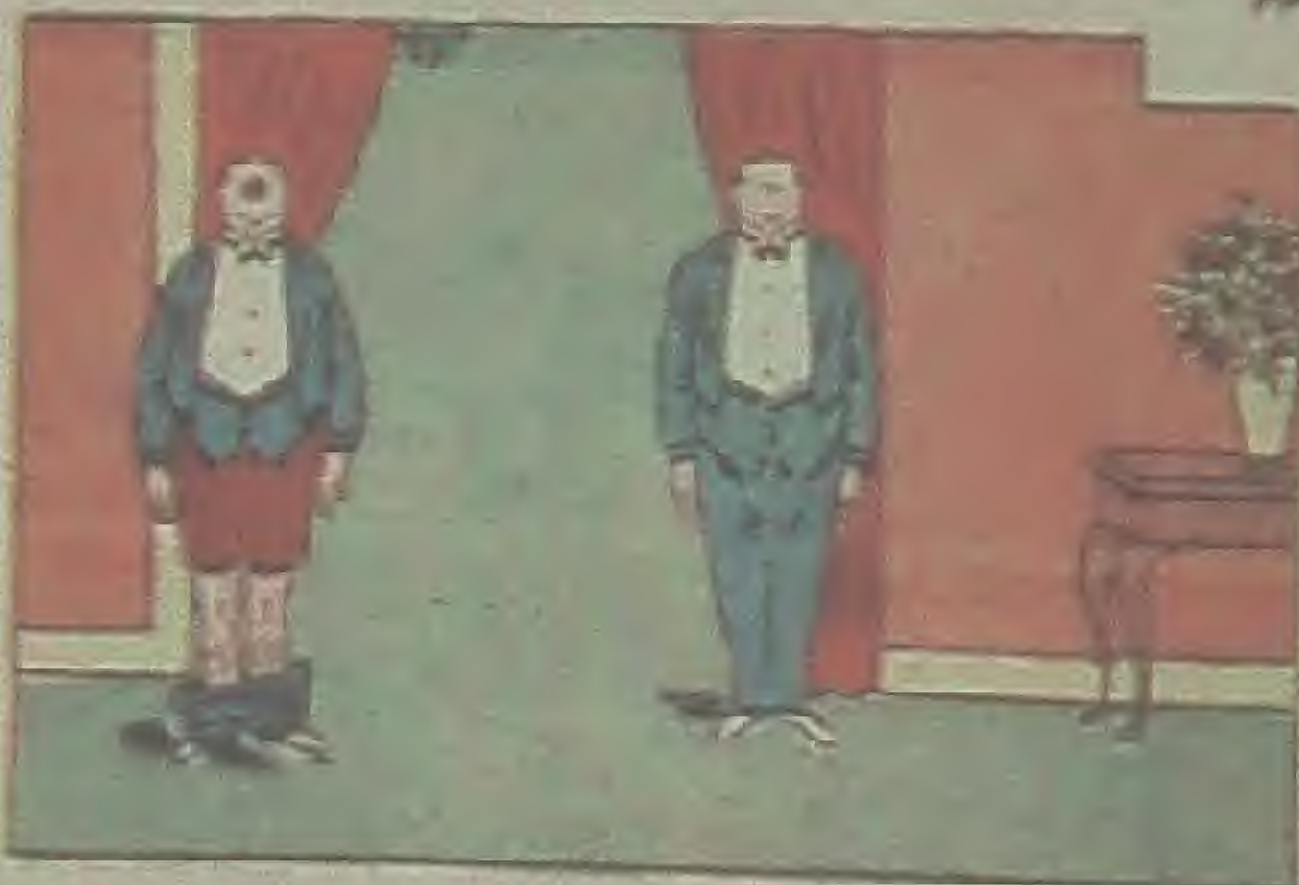
"HI, TOOTS!"



"BUT DEAR, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE TEACHING MOTHER HOW TO SWIM?"



"PATTON IS A FIEND FOR STUNTING!"



"DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING FALL, CHAUNCE?"



"A LITTLE LESS FOLLOW THROUGH, MR. ASHBY!"



# SCREEN SHOTS

BY BERNARD BAILY



1. EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD, KATHERINE HEPBURN SHOWED A FLARE FOR DRAMATICS—SO IT WAS NO SURPRISE THAT, ALTHOUGH A YOUNG GIRL, SHE FORMED HER OWN STOCK COMPANY IN THE REAR OF HER PARENTS SUMMER HOME

## Katherine Hepburn

AFTER GRADUATING FROM BRIN MARR, SHE APPLIED TO EDWIN KNOPF FOR A JOB IN HIS STOCK COMPANY AND WAS SUCCESSFUL. KNOPF OFFERED HER THE LEADING ROLE IN THE 'BIG POINT' SHE DISMISSED ON THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE ROLE, SO SHE LEFT CAST!



SHE FINALLY SCORED A HIT IN THE LEADING ROLE IN 'A WARRIOR'S WIFE'. OFFERS FROM THE MOVIE STUDIOS BROUGHT HER TO HOLLYWOOD OVERNIGHT AFTER THE PREMIERE OF HER FIRST PICTURE SHE WAS AMONG THE LEADERS OF HOLLYWOOD



4. FOR HOBBIES SHE INDULGES IN TENNIS, SWIMMING AND GOLF. ONCE SHE WAS RUNNER-UP FOR THE CONNECTICUT WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP!



5. IN 1933, WITH ONLY 3 PICTURES TO HER CREDIT SHE RECEIVED THE ACADEMY AWARD FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR. ONE OF HER FAVORITE ROLES WAS THAT OF MARY STUART. SHE DESIGNS HER OWN CLOTHES AND HAS A WEARINESS FOR BIZZARE PARTS. HER PETS ARE A GIBBON MONKEY AND TWO DOGS.



# CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY  
SCOTT  
SHERIDAN

CLIP IS SPENDING A  
WEEK-END WITH HIS PAL  
BOB HOYT, BEFORE GOING  
BACK TO COLLEGE.

GOSH, BOB, - I  
THOUGHT MY HOME  
TOWN WAS QUIET,  
BUT THIS PLACE  
TAKES THE  
CAKE --

DON'T CRAB, CLIP,  
THE REST'LL DO YOU  
GOOD, - YOU KNOW  
YOUR FOOTBALL  
TRAINING STARTS  
NEXT MONTH.



SAY, OUR TEAM  
IS PLAYING THE  
HAWKS FROM  
THE NEXT TOWN  
THIS AFTERNOON.  
GOING TO COME  
DOWN AND  
WATCH US?

SURE, HOW ABOUT  
TAKING A WALK  
BEFORE  
LUNCH -



WHAT KIND  
OF A TEAM  
HAVE YOU GOT?

PRETTY GOOD, CON-  
SIDERING WE'VE ONLY  
TEN MEN ON THE SQUAD.  
HERE'S OUR  
CAPTAIN,  
NOW -



HELLO, BILL, MEET MY  
FRIEND, CLIP CHANCE,  
THIS IS BILL WEBB!

HELLO, BOB,  
GLAD TO KNOW  
YOU, CLIP -



-I GUESS WE  
WON'T BE ABLE  
TO PLAY THAT  
GAME, TODAY!

WHY? --  
WHAT'S WRONG?



-ZEKE HAD TO DRIVE A LOAD OF SPUDS  
INTO MARKET AND HE WON'T BE BACK IN  
TIME AND TONY SAYS HE'D  
RATHER NOT PLAY ON  
THAT WEAK ANKLE OF  
HIS -

THAT'S  
BAD-SAY -



-CLIP'S A GOOD OUF-  
FIELDER, MAYBE  
HE'D TAKE ZEKE'S  
PLACE, WOULD  
YOU?

SURE!

GREAT, THEN  
I'LL SEE YOU  
FELLOWS  
AT THE  
FIELD -







YOU KNOW, BOB,  
THIS ISN'T SUCH  
A BAD TOWN,  
AFTER ALL!

-AND A GAME OF  
BALL CHANGED  
YOUR MIND!



JUST  
BEFORE  
THE  
GAME  
IS TO  
START,  
BOTH  
CAPTAINS  
CONFER  
ON THE  
RULES  
OF THE  
FIELD.

--AND ANY BALL HIT INTO THE  
TREES GOES ONLY  
FOR A DOUBLE--  
THAT'S ALL!

OKAY--  
LET'S GO--



HEY--  
LOOK, A FIRE!--



-IT'S THAT OLD THREE STORY  
FRAME TENEMENT--LET'S GO OVER  
AND WATCH IT TUMBLE--



GEE, THAT PLACE  
IS BURNING  
LIKE A HAY-  
STACK--

STEPPED BACK,  
FELLAS. IT'S  
GONNA CAVE IN  
ANY MINUTE,  
NOW---



IS EVERYONE  
OUT OF THE  
BUILDING, SHERIFF?

SURE ARE, SON--  
IF THEY WDN'T IT'D  
BE JUST TOO BAD--



LOOK!-- IN THE TOP-  
FLOOR WINDOW---



A COOLEN-  
HEADED  
YOUNGSTER  
TRIPPED BY  
THE FLAMES  
SAWED TO  
THE OPEN  
WINDOW  
FOR  
AID.

MAMMA-  
DADDY!









Start the football season with Clip Chance in the October issue -- on sale August 31st.



# BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

DAD STERLING, THE OLD CLOWN IS WARMLY WELCOMED BY ALL-

DAD - YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

WE SURE MISSED YOU DAD!

WELL - I HAD A CLOSE CALL BOYS - BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M OKAY NOW!

IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES SEEIN' NA BACK DAD!

BY THE WAY - JEFF TELLS ME THAT HAL THOMPSON IS JOINING THE SHOW NEXT WEEK. I'LL BET THAT MAKES MYRA PRETTY HAPPY. HOW IS THE SWEET CHILD?

THINK I'LL SAY HELLO TO MYRA NOW BOYS - SHE WROTE ME ALL THE WHILE I WAS SICK -

SHE'S ON NOW - WE CAN SURPRISE HER AFTER HER ACT!

AND MYRA IS JUST FINISHING HER GREAT WIRE ACT -

MYRA - WE'VE GOT BAD NEWS! DAD STERLING IS - WELL -

OH! HE ISN'T D-DEAD?

NO DEAR! JUST BACK WITH THE SHOW!

DAD!! THEY NEARLY KNOCKED ME OVER!

AS WORD CONTINUED TO SPREAD THAT DAD WAS BACK ON THE LOT -

DAD STERLING! HI DAD!

HI DAD!

WELL - I THOUGHT OF EACH ONE OF YOU MANY TIMES WHILE IN THE HOSPITAL AND IT HELPED ME TO GET WELL!

EVEN SMOOKIE GREETED HIS OLD FRIEND -

I SEE YOU'RE A ONE-LEGged SMOOKIE -

DAD - WHY NOT GRAB A SEAT IN THE BIG TOP AND WATCH THE FIRE ACT WE DOPED OUT WHILE YOU WERE AWAY?

OKAY FLIP - THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

FIRE! SAVE ME!

SAVE MY PETS!

SMOOK!

GOLLY!! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST CLOWN ACT EVER SAW MISTER!

YOU'RE RIGHT SON - IT'S SWEET!

THERE'S ONE MORE - SAVE MY ACTS!

THANKS BOYS - COME PETS!

BOYS - THAT FIRE NUMBER WAS A HONEY - IT EVEN HAD ME FOOLED!!

IF YOU FEEL LIKE WORKIN' TOMORROW DAD, LET'S DO OUR OLD BOXIN' ACT!

COME ON BOYS - THE FLASS UP - LET'S PUT ON THE NOSE BAGS! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK SOME NIGHT!

HURRY UP FLIP!

AND IN THE COOK TENT, HELLO BOYS - GREAT TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN!!



# BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

AND AS DAD STERLING STEPS INTO THE SIDE SHOW TENT—

HOWDY BOYS AND GIRLS!

BLESS HIS HEART—IT'S DAD!

PY GOLLY—DAD LOOKS FATTER DAN A PIDDLE-YA!!

GEE—THIS IS A TREAT FOLKS!

THEN DAD RUNS INTO MAX FOX, THE LEGAL ADJUSTER OUTSIDE—

HOW'S THE OLD 'FIXER' MAX?

PLENTY OF TROUBLE AS USUAL DAD! WE GOT TO SHOW HERE AN EXTRA DAY—FLOODS AT RIVER-SITE!

JEFF BANGS COMES ALONG

HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT MAX?

OKAY BOSS—CITY HALL'S FRIENDLY TO US AND THE MAYOR SAYS WE HAVE A NICE SHOW!

I FIGURE WE SHOULD HAVE A BIG DAY HERE TOMORROW—AND WE'LL START OUR PARADE EARLY!!

THAT NIGHT SILK FOWLER REPEATED HIS MATINEE ANNOUNCEMENT—

AND WE WILL GIVE TWO MORE SHOWS IN THIS CITY TOMORROW

I ALSO WISH TO STATE THAT SEVERAL NEW FEATURES WILL BE ADDED TO OUR PROGRAM! THANK YOU!

NEXT DAY AS THE PARADE WAS LEAVING

GEE CHIEF—THERE GOES THE SUN!

SAY-Y-Y!! I THINK I FELT SOME RAIN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER—

SILK—CALL OFF THE PARADE—GET THE WARD-ROBE IN!!

OK JEFF—BUT WE'D PROBABLY BETTER SEND THE CALLOPE RIGHT UPTOWN SO THAT THEY'LL KNOW WE WERE HERE

SPEED—FIND THE BOSS CANNASMAN AND TELL HIM TO 'GUY OUT' THE BIG TOP—LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BLOW UP TOO!

SPEED HUNTS UP THE BOSS CANNASMAN

DE BIG BOSS WANTS YO' TO GUY OUT 'O BIG TOP!

WE'RE DOIN' IT, DUMMY!

AN' NOBODY WASTA TELL ME MY JOB! TELL THE BOSS I KNOW MORE ABOUT STORMS THAN HELL EVER KNOW!!

AN' NOW SCRAM!!

Y-YAS SUH!

LATER THE BOSS CANNASMAN CALLS ON JEFF BANGS—

BIG TOP'S OKAY CHIEF—BUT IT'S GONNA RAIN ALL DAY!

WELL—WE'RE GOING ON WITH THE FIRST SHOW ANYWAY!!

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK "BLINK"—JUST WHEN YE THOUGHT WED HAVE A GOOD DAY—

WE'LL HAVE TO STRAW THE MIDWAY JUST BEFORE THE DOORS OPEN!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT "BLINK"!!

AND PUT PLENTY AT THE BACK TENT ENTRANCE!!

CONTINUED



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About the Greatest Golf Performance in History

Burning up the historic course at St. Andrews, Scotland, in May, 1930, the great Robert Tyre Jones sweeps Roger Wethered of England off his feet to win the final, 7 up and 6 to go.



The next month in the British open at Hoylake, Jones' unbelievable shots total 70-72-74-75 for a 291 as his sensational march continues.



In July, the following month, in the United States open tournament at Interlachen, Minneapolis, Minn., the astounding Georgian has a total of only 287 for four rounds, conquering an army of the greatest golfers in the land.

That fellow Jones—and here he is—retired then at 28, and has not succeeded in hitting the same blazing pace since. He's a lawyer at Atlanta, Ga.



Then, in September, he climaxes the greatest solo performances in sports history by shooting miraculous golf in the United States amateur tourney at Merion, Pa., winning the final from Gene Homers, 5 and 7.

5.





# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE "ELL" FAMILY-

ESTELL, MODELL, BARNELL,  
BARNELL, ESTELL, MAYBELL,  
WIMBELL AND HATTIBELL  
ARE THE CHILDREN OF BARNELL JACOBS,  
Charlotte, N.C.

THE FIRST ALL-STEEL  
ICE SKATES COST  
\$30 A PAIR...

(Made by  
E. Barnhill,  
Phila., 1850)



THE BREAM IS SO SHY THAT THE RINGING  
OF CHURCH BELLS NEAR RIVERS WAS ONCE  
ABANDONED DURING FISHING SEASON  
IN SWEDEN FOR FEAR OF  
FRIGHTENING THE FISH AWAY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
SPENT HIS TIME PUTTING  
GOODS WHEN TRAVELING  
FROM PHILADELPHIA  
TO NEW YORK



## BAMBOO

THE STAFF OF LIFE!

THE BAMBOO PLANT, A GRASS,  
IS USED FOR MAKING RAINCOATS,  
BEER, FISHING POLES, CANDIE WICKS,  
CANDY, SPOONS, UMBRELLAS,  
WATER PIPES, SNORCS, PICKLES,  
BIRD CAGES, BOWS AND ARROWS,  
ROPS, FLUTES, BLOW GUNS, KITES,  
HOUSES, PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES,  
FANS, CHAIRS, KITES, BOTTLES, PENS,  
BROOMS AND HUNDREDS OF

OTHER DEVICES, FOODS  
AND IMPLEMENTS!



THERE ARE 64 SPECIES  
GROWN, POPS, ETC.,  
IN LONDON NAMED  
IN HONOR OF  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S  
REIGN.





# JANE ARDEN

JANE IS CASHIER AT A BARBER SHOP AND WATCHING HARRY ROCKWELL ECONOMIZE.

HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

IT'S MY HEAD—LOOK, I'M GROWING HAIR!

IT'S FUZZ NOW, BUT WATCH IT GROW!

HA-HA—TOMORROW HE'LL BE SANTA CLAUS!

I'LL BET IT'S A NO!

ALL RIGHT—LAUGH! WHEN I SELL MY FORMULA FOR A COOL MILLION THEN I'LL SELL WHO LAUGHS.

WHY—LEADING LIZZARDS WHEN DID YOU GROW THAT HAIR?

IT'S MY OWN FORMULA, MR. ROCKWELL—REMEMBER—I TOLD YOU ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT—GIVE ME SOME—IF YOU CAN GROW GRASS ON YOUR HEAD, I'LL GIVE UP!

SORRY MR. ROCKWELL—IT'S NOT ON MY HEAD, BUT I HAVE IT PATENTED.

LOOKS LIKE A RACKET THAT YOU DO, C. LOOKS LIKE A RACKET THAT YOU DO, C.

LET ME SEE THAT FUZZ—IT'S REAL, ISN'T IT?

OF COURSE IT IS—I GREW IT WITH MY OWN FORMULA!

I'LL BUY YOUR FORMULA! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THERE MAY BE MONEY IN IT!

A CHANCE? WHY IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE, BUT I WON'T SELL IT—I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH IT.

CONTINUED

LEAVE PAY!

COMBOS SQUABLING LEFT HIS FARM TO HIM.

COMBOS COME SALUTE SOME SQUABLER PUT DOWN A BED!

IF SHE'S OUR KIN, LET US HELP HER! WE'VE GOT TO GO ON OUR OWN!

SKITTER LONG HONEY—MAKE YOURSELF RIGHT AT HOME!

SLOO TO THE DOGS! SLOO TO THE DOGS!

SLOO THE DOGS! SLOO THE DOGS! SLOO THE DOGS!

WHAT DO ROCKWELL'S THINK OF THIS?

WHY, I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE DOGS!

I DECLARE MORE STORE BOUGHT RAGMENTS!

SOME SLOO BOYS! SOME SLOO BOYS!

WHAT'S THIS DOO-DAO? IT'S TROUSERS HOKRY!

BEATS ME!

HE'S GOT TO GO TO THE DOGS!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



# JANE ARDEN

By Marie Perle and Richard S. Ross

JANE CONTINUES TO WATCH HARRY HARMON. HIS HAIR GROWS STEADILY AND IT'S VERY MYSTERIOUS.

I'LL BE YOUR HAIR'S CURLY TOO!

IT'S ALL MY TONIC MR. ROCKBILT!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN GROW CURLS?

TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS BALD—REMEMBER?

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!

YOU NEED A PARTNER SON—ONE WHO KNOWS BUSINESS.

THIS SHOULD BE PUT ON THE MARKET—I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.

THOUGHT OF THAT MR. ROCKBILT—I'LL SELL A HALF INTEREST FOR 100,000.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHY YES—THERE'S A FORTUNE IN IT!

LISTENING TO THIS I'M NOT JUST SURE WHICH IS THE RACKETEER!

INSPECTOR—WE MUST FIND OUT! KNOW JUST THE WAY!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO FIND IN HIS ROOM—THE FORMULA?

A BOTTLE I'VE WATCHED HIM USE IT AT THE BARBER SHOP!

BUT YOU SAY HE DOESN'T USE IT THERE ANY MORE?

NO—HE'S AFRAID IT WOULD BE ANALYZED! AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO—HERE IT IS!!

THOUGHT YOU FOLKS WOULD PROBABLY NOT LIKE ME BECAUSE UNCLE LEN LEFT ME HIS FARM.

WE DIDN'T WANT THEM FAR!

WE AN'T FRAID A NOTHIN—BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BANSHIES!

BANSHIES! WHAT'RE THEY?

YOU FURRERS DON'T KNOW MUCH!

SAY—EVEN FURRERS MUST SAY IN ON HAUNTY NIGHTS—BANSHIES GO BY BY ELDER!

SAXES ALIVE—DO YOU MEAN GHOSTS?

HAW—HAW—GOATST! THEY'RE SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT!

BANSHIES ARE FULL GROWN WANTS, LENA!

OH!

WAKS YER FARM—WE BETTER SATTEN BACK NOW.

OH—I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF IT!

GETS AND CREEPY 'ROUND HERE!





JANE AIDEN

JANE HAS HAD  
HARRY HADMON'S  
HAIR TONIC  
ANALYZED  
AFTER THE  
EX-CONVICT  
GREW A NEW  
HEAD OF HAIR

IVE ANALYZED  
THIS MISS-IT'S  
HAIR  
REMOVER!!

YOU'RE NO-WATCH  
NOT IT TAKE THE  
MISTAKEN? HAIR OFF

IT IS HAIR-REMOVER RE !!

WALKER AT  
THE BARBER  
SHOP

MY TONE  
STILL WORKS  
MR. ROCK-  
BILT-SEE  
MY HAIR  
NOW!

I'VE THOUGHT  
IT OVER HARRY,  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
\$50,000 FOR  
A HALF  
INTEREST IN  
THE TONIC!

MY PRICE IS \$100,000— I'LL MAKE IT \$90,000 FOR  
"HERE'S A FOR- LINE IN IT" FOR

I'LL  
MAKE  
IT  
\$90,000  
FOR  
ALL  
OF IT

YOU'VE  
BOUGHT A  
FORTUNE IN  
ROCKBILT—  
GIVE ME  
THE  
CUTY

WE  
MAYBE  
IF IT  
GROWS  
OUR S

QUICK-GET THE CHECK  
INSPECTOR-IT'S  
EVIDENCE OF A  
SWINDLE

SWINDLE  
1 GREN  
HAIR,  
DIDNT I?

YES—  
BUT YOUR  
DOPE  
DIDN'T DO  
IT/ FIRST  
IT REMOVED  
THE HAIR—

AND YOU USED  
THIS HAIR RE-  
MOVING TO STAY  
BALD—WHEN  
YOU STOPPED  
YOUR HAIR  
GROWING.

LENA  
PRY

大德二年

LOWDOWN / W  
MIND IF  
SET WITH  
A A SALE  
IVE 20  
700

YA 'PEAR MEATY  
LAST ASSETIN

— 889 —

YORE FARM?  
WHERE'S  
YORE MEN  
FOLK?

五言古詩

STANT NACHAL  
BEN A HENNESSY  
HERMIT—GUESS AN  
SILVER

WHY THINK  
I'D HAVE A  
PERT WIFE--  
IN VOICE  
FARM AINT  
BAD--

SPEEDADOLE  
 NOW I  
 NEVER  
 WAS  
 SO  
 WOR-  
 TIED  
 N ALL  
 MY  
 LIFE  
 GO ON  
 IS IN

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

By FREDERICK BRONX, with illustrations by FREDERICK BRONX



Jane Arden is continued in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.



# Exciting ADVENTURES

by TERRY



WALTER HINTON

**BLOWN BY  
ARCTIC STORM OVER  
HALF WAY TO NORTHPOLE,**

WALTER HINTON, NOTED AMERICAN FLYER AND TWO OTHER ARMEN, IN A NAVY BALLOON ON ONE OF THE WILDEST JOURNEYS THROUGH THE AIR EVER KNOWN IN HISTORY, AFTER 25 HOURS LANDED IN THE BARREN HUDSON BAY REGION HALF-FROZEN AND LOST STRUGGLING AGAINST THE ELEMENTS FOR 31 DAYS, THE PARTY FINALLY REACHED CIVILIZATION AND SAFETY.



**WORLD'S LARGEST  
CUT-THROAT TROUT**

WEIGHING 69 POUNDS WAS LANDED BY PROF. P. FRANDSEN WHILE FISHING IN PYRAMID LAKE ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION IN NEVADA, JULY 26, 1933



**CAPTURES CITY  
SINGLE-HANDED!**

ENTERING MANAGUA, NICARAGUAN CAPITAL, ALONE DURING A REVOLUTION, TRACY RICHARDSON, YANKEE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, FACED FEDERAL OFFICERS AND AT THE POINT OF HIS REVOLVERS FORCED THEM TO SURRENDER IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR CITY FROM BEING SACKED





A MAMMOUTH CHARITY BAZAAR HOLD-UP HAS NETTED THE THIEVES TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE HOLD-UP WAS SO WELL PLANNED THAT THE POLICE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO MAKE A SINGLE ARREST. THE FAMOUS CLOCK, READING THE CASE, DISCOVERS A MESSAGE IN A NEWS-PAPER'S PERSONAL COLUMN---

-AND  
WHAT  
THE  
CLOCK  
SAW

**PERSONAL**

CLOCK, CALL ME AT DREYEL 7-4215--IT WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE--  
CHARITABLE CHARLEY

MAN CALLED AT 8:15  
AND TALKED FOR 15 MIN.  
HE HUNG UP WITHOUT SAYING  
A WORD--  
HEARD HIM SAY "DREYEL 7-4215"  
HEARD HIM SAY "IT WILL BE TO YOUR  
ADVANTAGE--"  
HEARD HIM SAY "CHARITABLE CHARLEY"

-CHARITABLE CHARLEY, EH--THAT NAME TIES UP WITH THE DOBBERY, AND IT ALSO SMELLS LIKE A TRAP--WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM A RING ANY-HOW!

AND  
ON  
THE  
OTHER  
SIDE  
OF  
THE  
TOWN--

I'M TELLING YOU BIRDS IT'S NOT THE POLICE WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, IT'S THE CLOCK. THAT FELLA HAS WAYS OF FINDING THINGS OUT---

-THAT'S WHY I PUT THAT AD IN THE PAPER, HOPING HED BITE--IF WE WANT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE HIM--

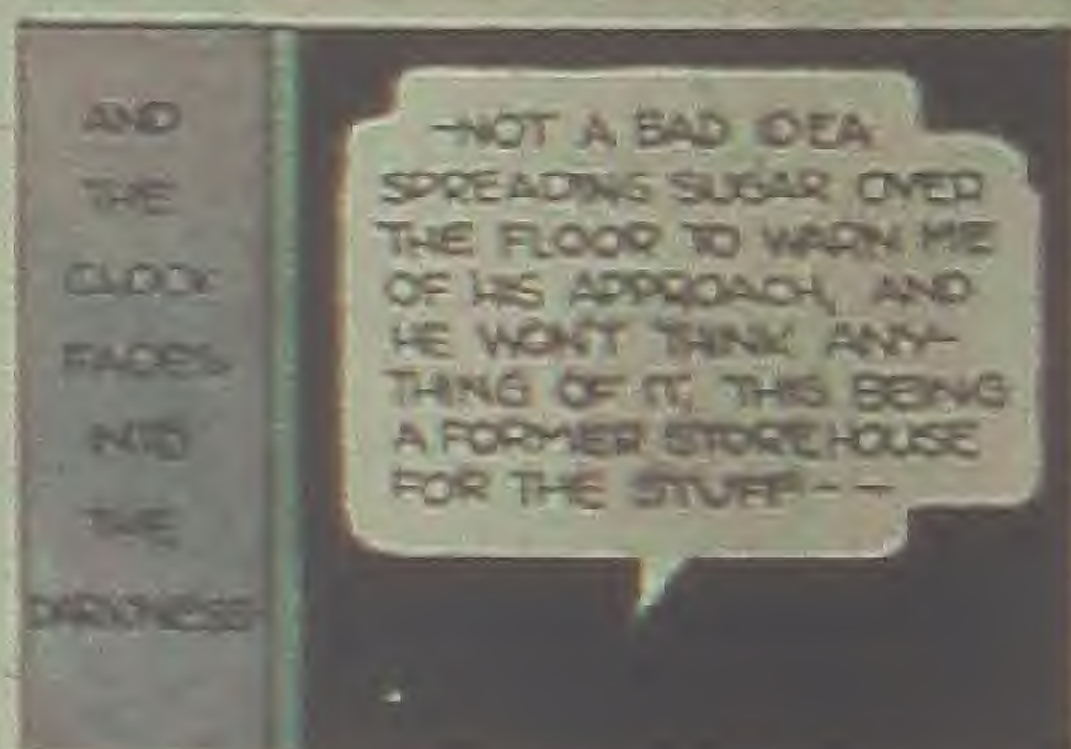
FOR YOU, CHARLEY, I THINK IT'S HIM--

YES, THIS IS CHARITABLE CHARLEY--SHUT UP, FELLA, I'LL DO THE TALKING--IS IT WORTH A GRAND TO YOU TO FIND OUT WHO ROBBED THE CHARITY BAZAAR THE OTHER NIGHT? OKAY--THEN MEET ME IN THE OLD SUGAR WAREHOUSE, PIER 23 AT ELEVEN, TONIGHT--AND DON'T FORGET THE DOUGH---

CAN'T WE GET IN ON THE PARTY CHARLEY?

NIX, I CAN HANDLE THIS BABY ALONE, I'LL HAVE THE DROP ON HIM FROM THE TIME HE ENTERS THE BUILDING--ONE OTHER THING--









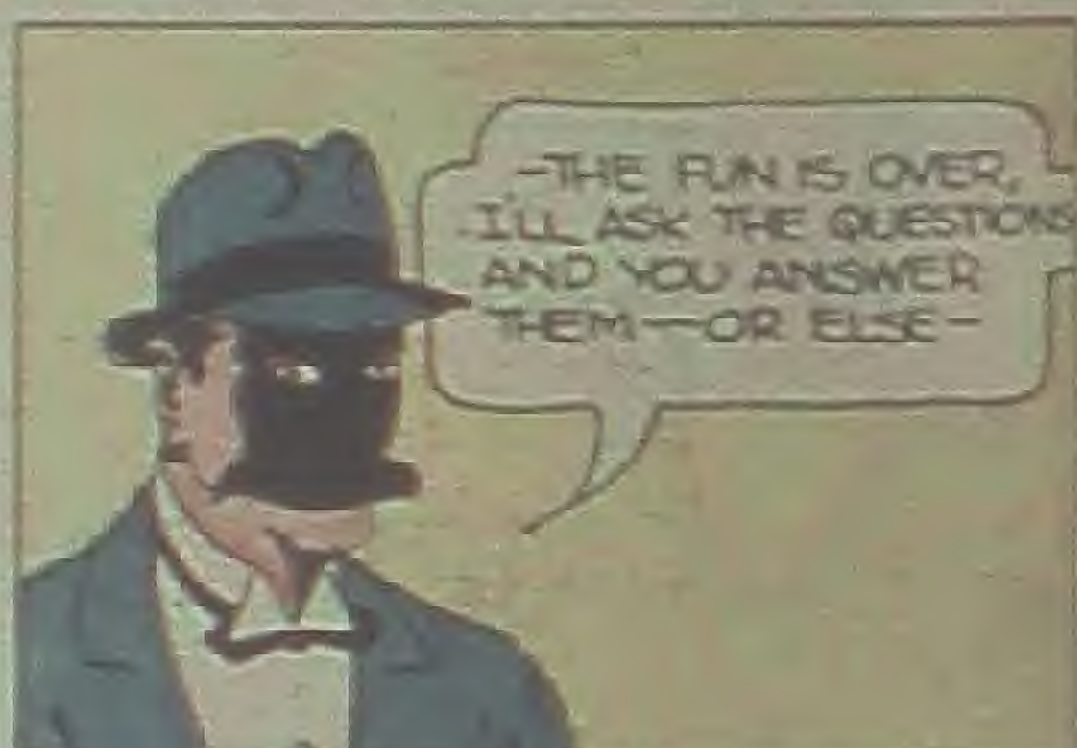
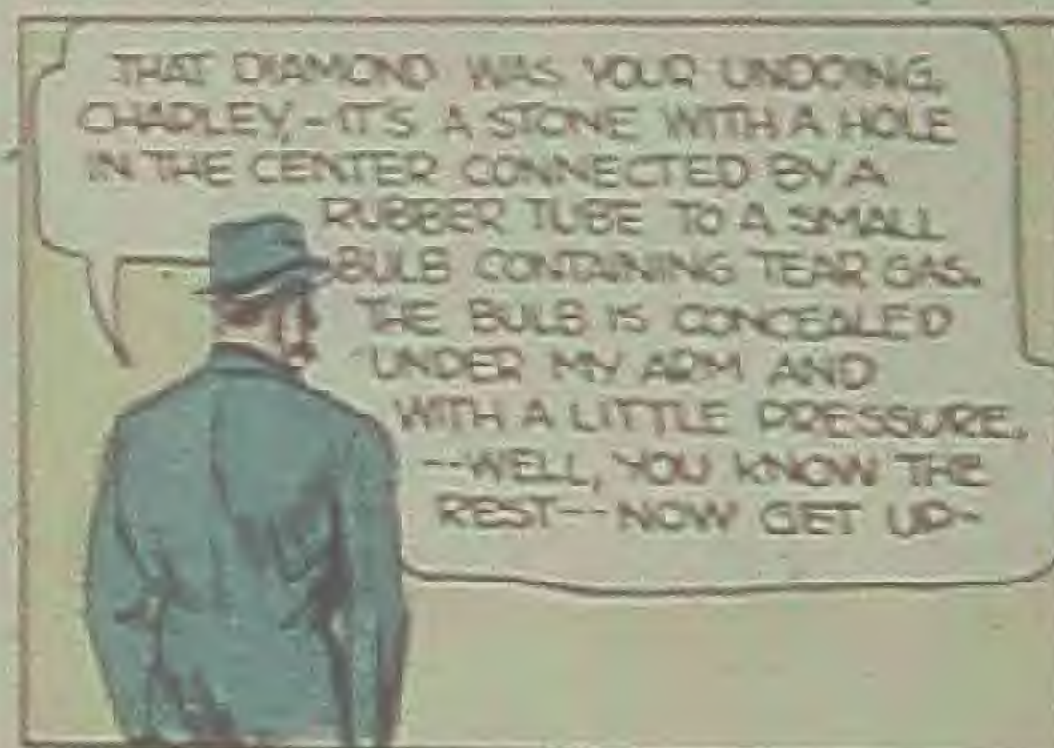




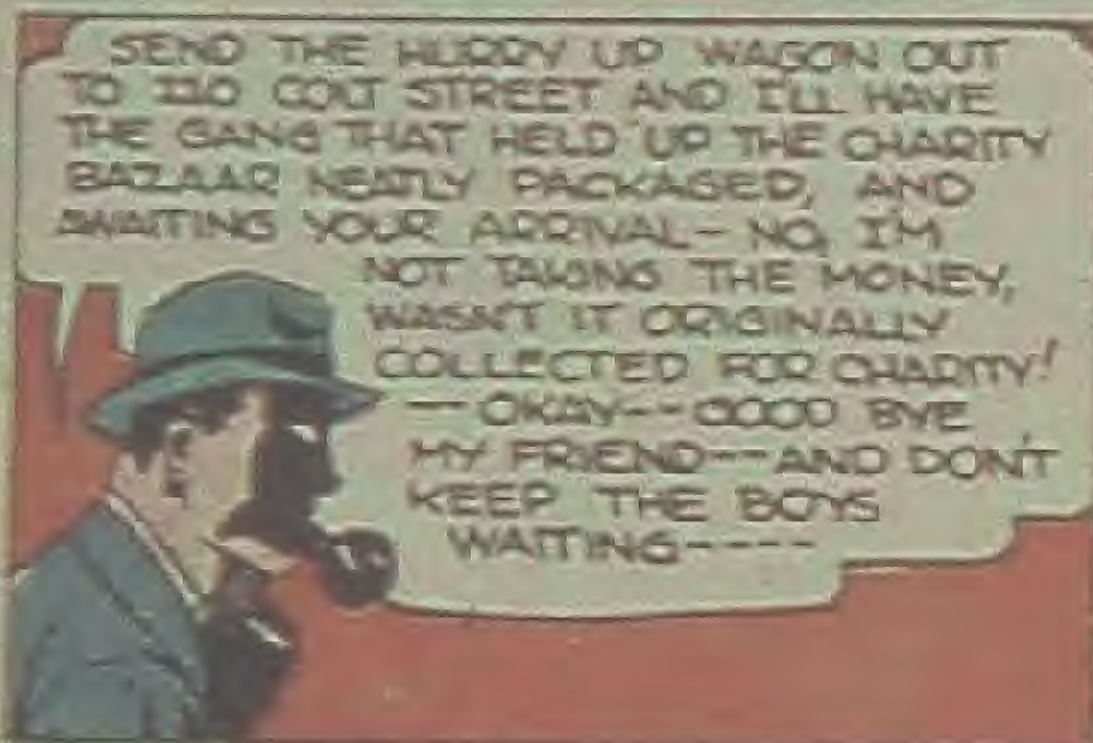
AS THE  
CROOK IS  
ABOUT TO  
SEARCH HIM, THE  
CLOCK MOVES  
HIS ARM A  
FRACTION OF  
AN INCH AND  
CHARLEY'S  
HEAD IS  
WRAPPED IN  
TEAR GAS--



THE  
CLOCK  
STEPS  
BACK OUT  
OF THE  
CLOTHES  
OF  
THE  
BLINDING  
MIST--









# PIRATES AHOY!!..... By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

## *Mystery Still Hovers Over the Sea*

If the Hindenburg disaster had happened in midocean it might easily be that her fate never would have been known to the world. It was only sixty seconds from the moment of her taking fire, according to reliable witnesses, until she lay upon the ground, a mass of melting metal.

Suppose those sixty seconds had been passed out of sight of land and ships, over deep water. By the time the wireless operator knew anything was wrong, it would have been too late to send any message. The metal frame, instead of lying upon the ground, would have plunged directly to the bottom, carrying with it most of the evidence.

Indeed, something of the kind must have happened to the *Diamond*, the German zeppelin that was taken by the French at the end of the war. She started out over the Mediterranean, a much smaller sea than the Atlantic, and not a scrap of her rive was found. The only body ever found was that of the Captain, which was washed up on a distant shore after a long time. It is conceivable that the Hindenburg, sinking in midocean, might never have been heard of and that no trace of her might ever have been found.

Such mysteries the sea has kept before, and will again. Permit me to cite the mysterious case of the *Mary Celeste*, in 1872.

Thousands of articles, tales, stories and books have been written about it. A great many people have the notion that the mystery has been solved or that there is no real problem connected with the *Mary Celeste*. This impression is due to the appearance from time to time of a magazine article or book that claims to have cleared up the matter at last. But the fact is that the mystery of the *Mary Celeste* is as deep and unsolved now as it was on the day when the brigantine was found bowling along without a helmsman on the high seas.

I have written a score of articles about the mystery, and never without receiving several letters from persons who think they know the answer.

A comparatively recent book on the subject is "A Great Sea Mystery," by J. G. Lockhardt, published by Putnam New York. Lockhardt has written much about the *Mary Celeste* in his many books of the sea, and this late volume sums the whole matter up briefly, reviews the various "solutions," and offers a theory intended as a possible explanation. Although I have read armfuls of books about the *Mary Celeste*, I am more indebted to Lockhardt than to anyone else for the facts as I shall recite them for readers of this series.

The *Mary Celeste* was a brigantine of 282 tons, built in Nova Scotia in 1861, 35 feet long, 25 feet beam, owned by a little American company of which J. B. Winchester of New York was chief stockholder. Captain B. S. Briggs, of Marion, Mass., commanded her when she started on her voyage from New York, bound, for Genoa, Italy, November 7, 1872.

On December 5, a month after she sailed from New York, the *Mary Celeste* was found at a point about midway between the Azores and Portugal, not quite four hundred miles from the latter coast, abandoned. The finder was the Nova Scotia brig, *Dei Gratia* (which means Thanks be to God), commanded by Captain Morehouse. Neither Captain Briggs, nor any one of his company of nine, which included his wife and baby, was ever seen or heard of by mortal man from that day to this.

Captain Briggs was forty-five years old, and was a man of excellent reputation. He was a religious man, and did not drink liquor. He took with him on this fatal trip his wife, Sarah, and their two-years-old daughter, leaving in the care of relatives in New Bedford their other child, Arthur, who was seven

then.

The first mate was A. G. Richardson, a New Englander, and most of the fore-castle hands were Germans. The cargo consisted of 1,700 barrels of alcohol.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the *Dei Gratia* sighted a sail. There was a calm sea and light winds from the north. As soon as he was close enough to recognize the *Mary Celeste*, which he knew very well indeed, Captain Morehouse hailed, and received no



answer. The two ships had loaded cargo close to one another in New York, and Captain Morehouse had become well acquainted with Captain Briggs. So the Captain of the Nova Scotia vessel was a bit nettled at receiving no reply to his hail.

The *Mary Celeste* was behaving queerly, yawing and sailing an erratic course. It was seen that she was sailing on the port tack,







but that her headstalls were set on the starboard tack.

Captain Morehouse and his mate talked about the peculiar actions of the *Mary Celeste*, and decided that she must be sailing without a helmsman. The obvious conclusion was that there must have been a mutiny, and that the crew had become intoxicated and had given the ship over to the wind and waves.

The first mate and two men from the *Dei Gratia* rowed across the distance separating the two vessels. The strange craft seemed deserted. Her wheel was unmanned. Yet she was making a fair headway in the light breeze, and there was no sign of fire, explosion or other disaster. The *Dei Gratia's* men climbed over the side, explored the decks, and finally went below, shouting and

was off and turned upside down on the deck. Trailing ropes at the stern and the absence of the boat that had been held in chocks there indicated that some person or persons had put the boat over and had abandoned the ship in it.

The ship's log was written up in the usual form to the evening of November 24. On a slate on the table in the Captain's cabin were notes for the following day's log, but these had not been written up in the permanent record. So it was evident that the *Mary Celeste* had been sailing along as usual up to ten days before the *Dei Gratia* found her. There was nothing in the log or in the notes for the log referring to any severe storm, mutiny, trouble with any member of the crew, or any other untoward circumstance.

The very last entry on the slate recorded the fact that at eight in the morning, November 25, the island of Santa Maria, Azores group, lay six miles to the south southwest. The ship had gone about three hundred seventy miles on her course since that last entry, apparently without helmsman or crew.

In the galley the pots and pans were properly washed up, and the remains of a breakfast were on the table in the Captain's room. The Captain's watch hung on a peg above the table. Many things of value had been left behind when the ship was abandoned. The beds had been made up, except the child's bed. There the imprint of the baby's head was still quite visible in the pillow.

The chronometer and all the ship's papers except the log were missing. But there had been no storm to cause abandonment of the *Mary Celeste*. There were things standing on tables that would have been rolled off by a slight swell.

A piece of goods, such as one might use to make a child's dress, was in the sewing machine, with a few stitches taken. In the fore-castle the personal effects of the sailors were found undisturbed, even their razors remaining, bright and rustless, where they had been put away that morning. A letter in the handwriting of the first mate had been started with the salutation, "Fanny, my dear wife—"

There lay the paper and the ink and pen, but the writer of the letter was nowhere, and the letter was never finished.

There was a long cut in the planking on both sides of the bows of the ship, about three feet above the water line. On each side the cut was the same, about seven feet long. It looked as though some person with a very sharp axe or hammer and wood chisel had most carefully cut a strip a little more than an inch wide and less than half an inch deep off the edge of a plank on the port and starboard sides.

I have never read any sensible explanation of these seemingly meaningless disfigurements. The work was not done to sink the ship, for the wounds were superficial and above the water line. The work had taken some time, and had been painstakingly done. It seemed about as reasonable an occupation for any seaman as painting red owls on the front of your dwelling house would be for you.

On the starboard topgallant rail was found a gash which might have been made by one stroke of a cleaver or axe. It was a fresh scar in the wood. Not very deep, but certainly strange. One doesn't cut gashes in the smooth rail of a ship. Near the gash were stains which were thought to be blood-stains. Elsewhere above deck some stains of like nature were found.

Captain Morehouse was completely mystified. There was but one thing for him to do, and he did it. He put a skeleton crew aboard the *Mary Celeste*, and took her with him to Gibraltar, his own destination. There he reported to the proper authorities the whole circumstances of finding the derelict, and made claim for salvage.



pounding on the decks and walls. Not a sound.

The mate, unwilling to be responsible further, signalled his Captain to come over. Captain Morehouse soon was inspecting the brigantine from stem to stern, and taking note of conditions found.

The ship had not been through any severe storm lately. Inspection of the cargo revealed nothing seriously amiss. One hatch cover

Read "Tomato Pie Made  
Mossy o Fieats" in the  
October issue of **FEATURE  
FUNNIES**—on sale August  
31st.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



WELL, WHEN THE PHANTOM SNORSEMAN STUCK HIS SNORD INTO THE GROUND AND STARTED HIS LECTURE ON "WAR STRATEGY," I FELT SURE WE HAD HIM —



HE SAT IN THE CENTER OF US AND HE KEPT EGGING THORALD HIL—THEN HE DROPPED HIS EYES FOR A SECOND AND WE JUMPED ON HIM!



AND THAT'S WHERE COACH NANT SHOTGUN SHILDON AND THE OTHERS CAME TO THE RESCUE IN THE nick OF TIME —



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—YOU HAVE JUST HEARD DIRECT FROM COACH NED BRANT'S SUMMER CAMP, WHERE 30 YOUNG BOYS CAPTURED A MANIAC CARRYING A HUGE SNORD



HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT PHANTOM KEPT HIMSELF ALIVE DURING THOSE WEEKS IN THE WOODS?

EASY! I COULD DO IT MYSELF!



SO COULD I—A CINCH!

SAY—IF EITHER OF YOU BRADS EVER GET MORE THAN 40 FEET FROM THE NEAREST SIGHT—COUSE DINNER, YOUO YELL FOR HELP!



WHY, I'LL BET YOU TWO BRIDS CAN'T LIVE A WEEK IN THE WOODS WITHOUT SUPPLIES AND WEAPONS—

IT'S A BET! WHEN DO WE START?



RIGHT NOW! AND ONE PAIR OF SHORTS IS ALL THE CLOTHING EACH CAN TAKE

SHOTGUN AND I WILL TAKE YOU TO A REMOTE PART OF THE WOODS!



NO HOOKING EYES INTO TOWN EITHER!

WHE OUAZE THEY'D HAVE GETTING A RIDE—DESIGNED LIKE THAT!



WELL—HERE WE ARE!

YOU GO SINCE NOW WITHOUT AN IDEA OF ANY KIND AND THEN YOU GET ONE LIKE THIS!

Oh, boy! Are we going to enjoy this? —And will the mosquitoes have a gay time!

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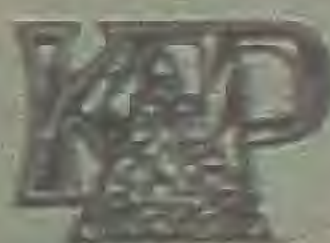


# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



## ~ COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ~



KAPPA  
DELTA  
RHO

FOUNDED: AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE,  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, IN 1905.  
EMINENT ALUMNI: CHARLES W. MURDOCK,  
ENGINEER; WILLIAM J. MEYERS,  
GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

WRITTEN BY L. A. SMITH



Exciting things are going to happen in Carlsville. I tell you! Young Ned Brant, cousin of the famous coach, has arrived bearing a great high school reputation.



## ~ COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ~



TAU  
KAPPA  
EPSILON

FOUNDED: AT ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY 1899. EMINENT ALUMNI: CHARLES R. WALGREEN JR., DRUGGIST; DR. JAMES THOMAS, THEOLOGIST; DR. WILLIAM D. REEVE, AUTHOR AND EDUCATOR.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



COLLEGE FRATERNITIES  
FOUNDED AT JEFFERSON COLLEGE, FEB. 19, 1852.  
EMINENT ALUMNI: PIERCE BUTLER, U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE; CHARLES F. MARVIN, CHIEF OF THE U.S. WEATHER BUREAU; EDWARD C. ELLIOTT, PRESIDENT OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY.

Ned Brant is continued in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
The Boy  
Who Beat  
Paavo Nurmi's  
Two-Mile  
Mark

A drizzling rain whips across Palmer stadium at Princeton. There appears to be no chance for any record setting to-day — though it is June 13, 1936, and the group of two-milers at the starting line contains Olympic possibilities.



Come closer, though — see that expression of grim determination on the boy in the crimson jersey?



That boy is record-bent — come drizzle or no drizzle! See his competitors eating rain-soaked cinders. They've run a mile now — can any man run another such mile on such a track — or will the crimson pace setter fall back?



It's a mile and three-quarters now! And look at him! Stand up with the crowd and cheer him! Fall back, indeed — he starts a sprint that puts him across the finish 175 yards ahead of his nearest competitor!



Don Lash, the Indiana Cyclone — running against time at the finish — smashed the record Paavo Nurmi, the famous Finn, set in Finland five years ago. Nurmi's time, 8 minutes, 59.6 seconds — Lash's time, 8 minutes, 58.3 seconds!



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

ROALD AMUNDSEN  
Discoverer  
of the  
South Pole,  
was born  
in the  
northernmost  
country of Europe  
— NORWAY.



CLOCKWORK WHIRLPOOL—  
A WHIRLPOOL IN THE HARUO CHANNEL,  
NEAR KOBE, JAPAN, APPEARS REGULARLY  
EVERY 6 HOURS—  
DUE TO CURRENT CHANGE.



THE "PUEBLIST POTATO"—  
A naturally formed potato  
found by R. S. Werley,  
of Reading, Pa.



SPRINTING 100 YARDS  
REQUIRES OVER 25 TIMES  
AS MUCH OXYGEN AS  
WALKING THE SAME  
DISTANCE.

## HAWAIIAN WILD WEST—

ONE OF THE LARGEST  
CATTLE RANCHES IN THE WORLD  
IS IN HAWAII—  
IT EMPLOYS 250 COWBOYS,  
HAS 92,000 HEAD OF CATTLE  
AND COVERS 500,000 ACRES.

(JOHN F. ARDEN)

DWARF SCRUB  
SPRUCE WILL GROW  
FROM GIANT  
SPRUCE SEEDS  
ON MOUNTAIN  
TOPS.







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

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## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st



# Gallant Knight

BY  
VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE IS RIDING AT ADVENTURE WHEN HE CONFRONTS AND SLAYS A CHALLENGING KNIGHT. -AS HE APPROACHES THE CASTLE OF HIS ADVERSARY HE LEARNS THAT A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN IS BEING HELD A PRISONER IN THE TOWER. -DESPERATELY HE BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE MAIDEN'S SIDE BUT HER RESCUE SEEMS FUTILE AS THE CASTLE GUARDS CLOSE IN. ---

SORELY PRESSED NEVILLE HEARD THE GIRL'S FRANTIC SHOUT OF WARNING



QUICKLY HE HURLED HIS SPEAR AT A NEW MENACE



THE SHAFT FOUND ITS MARK IN ONE OF THE ARCHERS AS THE OTHER'S BOWSTRING TWANGS.



AN OPEN TARGET, NEVILLE WAS PIERCED BY THE ARROW



THE BOISTEROUS SIR GILES ORDERED HIS NEXT FORM CARRIED INTO THE CASTLE



NOW, MY SWEET INEZ, YOU MAY PATCH UP THE FOOL'S BODY. HE MUST BE IN GOOD CONDITION FOR THE FATE IN STORE FOR HIM.





WHEN NEVILLE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS HE SAW THE SWEET FACE OF THE MAID INEZ BEFORE HIM AND NOTICED HIS SHOULDER WAS CAREFULLY BANDAGED

I THANK THEE, BRAVE KNIGHT FOR TRYING TO SAVE ME ! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ! I WILL BE SET FREE AS SOON AS MY FATHER PAYS MY RANSOM, WHILE YOU—THEY WILL KILL YOU !



YOU MUST NOT TRY TO ESCAPE ! AS LONG AS YOU ARE ILL SIR GILES WILL NOT MOLEST YOU !



FATTENED FOR THE SLAUGHTER ! A NICE FELLOW, MY CAPTOR ! BUT, DON'T WORRY, THERE NEVER WAS A PRISON BUILT THAT COULD HOLD ME !

I MUST GO ! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS



SO ! PRETTY WENCH ! HAVE YOU RELATED ALL YOUR SORROWS TO THAT CURSED PIG ?

OH ! YOU'RE HURTING ME !



AT THAT MOMENT THE SENTRY ON THE WALL SHOUTED THE APPROACH OF A HORSEMAN



THE CREAKING DRAWBRIDGE WAS LOWERED AND THE MESSENGER DISAPPEARED WITHIN THE CASTLE



SIR GILES ! WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED ! AN AMBUSH WAS PREPARED BY THE DUKE'S SOLDIERS—I ALONE ESCAPED THE TRAP !

SO ! HE PAID THE RANSOM IN BLOOD !











Gallant Knight is continued in the October issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.





IF I HAD WON THE DUEL WITH OTOOLE I WOULD HAVE REGAINED THE THRONE— BUT THAT SAP OTOOLE MADE FRIENDS WITH SOME BRATS, AND THEY HELPED HIM DEFEAT ME!

COUSES! WE STILL HAVENT SUCCEEDED IN GETTING BACK THE THRONE



IVE GOT IT... HEH!-HEH!-HEH! WELL TRICK HIM WITH A WOMAN... A BEAUTIFUL VAMPIRE... ONE WHO WILL TWIST HIM ABOUT HER FINGER, AND BREAK HIS HEART... HA-HA-HA!



"SPIDER,"- YOU WILL BE THE WOMAN!.... YOU WERE ONCE A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, HENCE, YOU ARE CHOSEN!

ME?



NO!... DAT IS A PART OF MY PAST I AM TRYING TO FORGET... I ...DONT DO IT...

YOU'LL DO IT-OR ELSE!



OH!... ISNT THERE SOME OTHER WAY? FOR POLITICAL AMBITIONS ONE MUST SACRIFICE EVERYTHING... COME, PREPARE!

WHAT WILL THE GAS HOUSE BOYS THINK?



MEANWHILE, IN THE PALACE.....

ER, AHEN! EXCUSE ME KING OTOOLE - COULD I PLEASE GET THE DAY OFF? MY HAY FEVER IS BOTHERING ME AGAIN!



IM SORRY, SNEEZEHEIN, BUT I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STAY AND MAKE THE LAWS TO-DAY, -IM GOING OUT INTO THE GARDEN!

VERY WELL!



AH! THE MAGICAL NIGHT IS FILLED WITH A MYSTIC AROMA...MY HEART PALPITATES WITH LOVE!



WELL, CHIEF, HOW DO YOU THINK I LOOK? BEAUTIFUL! GORGEOUS!!...THROW THAT CIGAR AND CAP AWAY, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A WOMAN!



YOO HOO! ~ YOU GREAT BIG HANDSOME MAN!

WHO ME??

LATER IN THE GARDEN OF ARCHIE OTOOLE.











HELISE TELLS SHERIFF MERCER THAT BENTON AND HIS FRIENDS ROBBED MRS. BOTTS.

—AND BENTON SAYS THAT HE IS INNOCENT—THAT MR. HAMMOND DID IT— BUT I THINK HE'S KILLED HAMMOND!

THEY'RE CLEVER AT THAT BENTON RANCH—WE'LL INVESTIGATE AN ACT WHEN WE GET THE GOODS ON 'EM!

OH PLEASE MAKE IT SOON!

HMM—IT'S THE BREAK WE'VE WAITED FOR!! DON'T Y'SEE? IF PEOPLE GET TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF BENTON WE CAN BLAME A LOT OF THINGS ON HIM!!

BOYS IT'S BEEN A YEAR—AN' QUITE A SPELL SINCE THE COYOTE GANG TURNED LOOSE ROUND HERE—

WE'RE SCRAPIN' BOTTOMS OUT OF THE CASH BIN!

WELL—YOU ALL KNOW THE SCHEME THAT ALWAYS GOT US BY—

SURE—NEVER MAKE A MOVE 'TIL YA GOT AN OUT.

THOSE CREAM PUFFS AT BENTON'S KEEP THEMSELVES AN' FIGGER THEY'RE OUR OUT!!

SURE! Y'KNOW LIBERTYVILLE GOT A NICE EASY BANK—

SON—YOU'VE BEEN ACTIN' FUNNY LATELY—CAN I GET IN ON THE SECRET?

IT'S HELISE! SHE DROVE IN T'SEE SHERIFF MERCER THE OTHER DAY!

THE SHERIFF WHY, AFTER HER BOY FRIEND ROBBED MRS. BOTTS I THOUGHT SHE'D STEAR CLEAR OF THE LAW—

YEAH—I'M WONDERIN' WHAT WE OUGHTA EXPECT!!

HUH!! WHO'S THIS RIDIN' SO HIGH AN' HARD??

THE WAY HE'S PUSHIN' THAT HORSE IT MUST BE IMPORTANT!

IT'S SAM BRADY—HOWDY SAM—WHAT'S THE RUSHE?

TROUBLE, GENTS—TWO KINDS OF TROUBLE!

YEAH? NAME ONE

LIBERTYVILLE BANK WAS HELD UP—THAT'S ONE

BANK HELD UP!

AND WHAT'S THE OTHER TROUBLE SAM?

TROUBLE FOR THE GENTS THAT DID IT—THOUGHT I'D TELL YUH!

GOLLY—SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD COYOTE GANG IS BACK TO PLAGUE US, SON!

I NEVER HEARD OF 'EM—

THEY WERE THE CURSE OF THIS SECTION—AN' IF THEY'RE BACK THINGS'LL BE POPPIN'—

HE ACTED AS THOUGH WE ROBBED THE BANK!

THE NEWS SETS THE WHOLE TOWN BUZZIN'—

IT'S THE COYOTE GANG! I CAN TELL THEIR WORK ANYWHERE!!

FUNNY—THINGS BE QUET SO LONG—AN' SUDDENLY—

CONTINUED



# HAWKS OF THE SEAS

by *Wills Rensie*

THE HAWK HAS SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THE SLAVES----

DO YOU MEAN THAT WE ARE TO SUPPLY OUR OWN SLAVES WITH A SHIP IN WHICH TO GO FREE?

EXACTLY!

YOU... YOU'RE MAD, SIR, WE'LL NEVER AGREE TO THAT... NEVER!

MAY I REMIND YOU, SIR, THAT MY SHIP LIES IN THE HARBOUR... I HAVE BUT TO SIGNAL AND MY CREW WILL COME...

-JUST A MOMENT--AH-H!  
THERE IS SOMEONE AT THE DOOR, AH, YES, SOLDIERS!  
-HAWK, OUR FORTUNE TURNS

IN TRUTH- AROUSED BY THE PRESENCE OF HAWKS SHIP IN THE HARBOUR, THE SOLDIERS SEEK TO INFORM MERRYSTONE

-CAPTAIN, WE'RE FORMING A PARTY TO ATTACK THE PIRATE SHIP.

-I FEAR OUR INTERVIEW HAS COME TO AN UNTIMELY END-I MUST WARN MY MEN THAT YOU INTEND TO ATTACK OUR SHIP!!

BUT I WILL SECURE A SHIP FOR THOSE SLAVES NEVERTHELESS-ADIEU!

OH- OH!! - SOLDIERS!





HERE COMES THE  
SOLDIER, HE  
THINKS I'M  
SHOT!!



SO SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT  
I CAN'T ARGUE ANY LONGER,  
I'M IN A  
HURRY!...

THERE GOES THE HAWK! ....  
THE ALARM HAS  
BEEN SOUNDED.



HE'S HEADING FOR THE NORTH  
WALL ... I'LL GO AROUND THE  
OTHER SIDE AND  
CATCH HIM THERE...

WHEW! THAT SOLDIER IS A  
GOOD SHOT,  
HE MISSED ME  
BY A HAIR...

WHEN HE GETS OVER THE WALL,  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
THERE WAITING  
FOR HIM!



THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY  
WALLS ... AH! A HOUSE  
AHEAD ... I HEAR THE  
SOLDIERS COMING

I'VE GOT TO GET OVER!!  
... A LITTLE TREE CLIMBING.



CLIMBING A TREE, HE'S SAFELY  
OVER WITH THE AID OF AN  
OVERHANGING BRANCH....



LOOKS LIKE I'M TRAPPED-I CAN'T  
GO BACK-- WELL, I  
MUST GO FORWARD  
--SO HERE GOES--



HE WENT  
OVER THIS  
WALL-I  
SAW HIM.

HE'S TRAPPED, WELL  
GET HIM THERE...  
AND REAP A FAT  
REWARD.



.RUNNING IN THESE  
CLOTHES IS TOO DIFFICULT, I'LL  
DISCARD THEM IN THE FIRST  
ROOM I COME TO....



IN A BOUDOIR ADJOINING THE  
LONG HALL... A YOUNG WOMAN  
STANDS Musing

MY-WHAT A  
CLEAR MORNING  
-I THINK I'LL GO  
FOR A DRIVE-



IS THAT YOU, NANA?  
ORDER MY CARRIAGE - I'M  
GOING RIDING  
THIS MORNING



I BEG YOUR  
PARDON-  
FORGIVE MY  
INTRUSION-

W-WHERE DID  
YOU COME  
FROM?!!



WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

MEN CALL ME THE  
HAWK-ISAY, WHERE  
CAN I THROW THESE  
CLOTHES?



AT THE FRONT DOOR, THE  
SOLDIERS ENTER THE HOUSE

CERTAINLY, YOU  
MAY SEARCH  
THE HOUSE.

ALRIGHT, MEN  
SEARCH  
EVERYWHERE



I WILL CALL  
THE GUARD  
IF YOU DON'T  
LEAVE THIS  
INSTANT!

THAT REALLY WON'T  
BE NECESSARY  
- HERE THEY  
ARE NOW-



--I-ER-- OOH-HEH-HEH - I  
BEG YOUR-TEE  
HEE - PARDON-  
-GULP!!







-HAW-GULP! I BEG  
YOUR PARDON-ER-  
-ER HAVE YOU SEEN  
A  
STRANGER  
HERE  
ABOUT?

NO, MY GOOD  
MAN, WE  
DID NOT!

MM-M-M-



SATISFIED THAT HIS DUTY HAS  
BEEN PERFORMED, THE SOLDIER  
DEPARTS.  
PERHAPS I  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
INTRUDED, BUT  
I HAD TO PERFORM  
MY DUTY!



AS THE SOLDIER CLOSES THE DOOR-  
THE HAWK RELEASES THE GIRL...

SIR!  
HOW DARE  
YOU KISS  
ME? YOU  
SCOUNDREL!

I HAD TO - TO PREVENT  
YOU FROM BETRAY-  
ING ME!



IN THE HALL OF THE FRONT ENTRANCE  
THE SOLDIER MAKES HIS REPORT TO  
HIS SUPERIOR.

I GUESS  
THE HAWK  
HAS ELUDED  
US AGAIN!

WHO IS THAT GIRL  
IN THE NORTH WING?

MY FIANCEE!



I AM GOING  
TO FIND OUT  
WHO THAT  
MAN IS!..

HAW-HAW HAW-  
LOOKS AS THOUGH  
OUR FRIEND HERE  
HAS LOST HIS GIRL!



SO, - I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT  
I DO TO THOSE WHO TRY TO  
STEAL MY GIRL!...



HANDY WITH A KNIFE, EH?  
MY JEALOUS FRIEND  
... TAKE THIS!



I-I'M SORRY  
I SLAPPED  
YOU-PLEASE  
FORGIVE ME!

AND I'M SORRY I  
HAD TO HIT YOUR  
FIANCE, APOLOGIZE  
FOR ME WHEN HE WAKES.



LATER, THE  
HAWK'S SHIP  
WEIGHS  
ANCHOR.



WELL, HAWK!  
THE SLAVES  
LEFT SAFELY.  
WHERE TO  
NOW?

-WHERE TO??  
... TO NEW AD-  
VENTURES OF  
COURSE, - THERE ARE  
MANY SLAVES TO FREE!



...AND AS LONG AS SLAVERY AND  
INJUSTICE EXISTS, SO WILL THE  
HAWKS OF THE SEA!

Espionage, a thrilling picture story of the secret service, starts in the October issue—  
on sale August 31st.





# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

PATENTS PENDING

By H. J. TUTTILL  
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AND I SAID--  
A HOLDUP! GIMME  
THOSE GUNS, OR  
I'LL GO  
TO WORK  
ON YOU!



HELLO  
ALBERT!



OWH  
WHY IS YOUR  
LITTLE BROTHER  
CRYING  
SO?



AW--HE'S JUST TRYIN'  
TO SHOW OFF WHERE  
THE DOCTOR TOOK OUT  
HIS  
TONSILS!

## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THE OLD MASTER IS WRONG AGAIN

By H. J. TUTTILL



JO, YOU'VE HEARD ME  
SAY I'VE MET  
INTERESTING PEOPLE--  
BUT TO--  
DAY I--  
GEORGE  
DONT START  
ON THAT



I'M MEETING  
YOUR SISTER  
CLARA DOWN--  
TOWN AT 6--  
I'VE NO  
TIME TO  
WASTE



OKAY--IF  
YOU DONT  
WANT TO  
HEAR  
ABOUT  
"FISH"  
HOOK!



DO YOU  
MEAN  
SMELTER  
HOOK?

I HAD  
LUNCH  
WITH  
HIM--  
THEN  
WE--

YOU MEAN  
HE TOLD YOU  
ABOUT  
PERSONAL  
AFFAIRS  
TOO?

SURE--  
WE  
TALKED  
FOR  
TWO  
HOURS!



HE TOLD  
ME THE  
INSIDE STUFF  
ABOUT  
HIS  
WHOLE  
LIFE

WAIT--  
I'LL GET  
THE  
MEAT  
OFF  
THE  
STOVE



AT LAST IT LOOKS AS  
IF AN INTEREST IN  
REAL INFORMATION  
HAS HIT  
THIS HOUSE.  
WELL, IT  
WAS DUE  
LONG  
AGO--



FISH'S  
FIRST  
WORDS TO  
ME  
WERE--

WAIT--  
LET'S  
SIT  
DOWN  
GEORGE



NOW I WELL--TO BEGIN  
GO WITH "FISH" HAS  
ON-- A BROTHER  
SCHOONER WHO  
THEY CALL "TUG"  
HOOK. WELL,  
BACK IN  
1924 HE  
AND "FISH"



WHAT HAS  
1924 GOT  
TOO WITH--  
THERE'S THE  
PHONE--

"FISH"  
SAID  
HE'D  
CALL  
ME  
SOME-  
TIME--  
MAYBE  
IT'S HIM!



I'LL FIND OUT--  
ONE SECOND--



YES CLARA--I KNOW  
I SAID I'D MEET YOU  
AT SIX--BUT SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT  
CAME UP--  
MAKE IT  
6:30  
HONEY--  
FINE--



IT WAS CLARA--I'M  
SO OUT OF BREATH  
FROM RUNNING--  
WELL GO ON  
ABOUT SMELTER'S  
WIVES

HIS  
WIFE?



HIS WIVES--  
HE'S HAD  
A FLOCK OF  
THEM--  
EVERYBODY  
KNOWS  
THAT

HE  
DIDNT  
TELL  
ME--



YOU  
SAID  
HE  
TOLD  
YOU  
ABOUT  
PER-  
SONAL  
AFFAIRS  
DONT  
YOU--

YES--HIS LIFE  
ON THE FARM--  
HIS FIRST JOB--  
HOW HE BOUGHT  
A MULE-- IT  
DIED AN--  
HE SOLD  
THE  
HIDE--



WHAT! YOU HAD THE  
NERVE TO KEEP  
YOUR SISTER WAIT-  
ING! AND ME SITTING  
HERE ALL THIS TIME  
TO HEAR  
A LOT  
OF  
PERFECT  
DRIVEL!



SUCH NERVE!  
NO WONDER  
PEOPLE  
LAUGH AT  
ME!

HEY!  
LISTEN!  
WHAT ABOUT  
MY SUPPER?  
HEY!





# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THEY CALL IT AN ACCIDENT

By H. J. TUTTILL







# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ARITHMETIC

By H. J. TUTHILL



Follow the Bungles in the October Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale August 31st.



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



"I TOLD YOU OUR SON WOULD MAKE GOOD. HE'S BEEN MADE A TRUSTY!"



"HENRY! THERE'S A BURGLAR UPSTAIRS!"



"CONGRATULATIONS! YOU WON THE CAR AND TRAILER IN THAT LINERICK CONTEST!"



"BEG PARDON MADAM--THERE'S A GAS LEAK IN THE KITCHEN!"



"WE'RE DYING OF THIRST AND YOU TUNE IN THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ!"



"THERE'S THE DARLINGEST LITTLE SCALE ON ELM ST. THAT NEVER GOES OVER 130 LBS!"



# **WOMEN'S HISTORY OF BOXING**

AT THE WEIGHING IN THERE WAS CONFUSION. BAER ATTEMPTED SAMUEL BRADDOCK'S LACK, BUT JOE GOULD STOPPED MAX.

DON'T SHAKE WITH 'EM JIM! SCRAM YA CLOWN!!  
 OK DON'T BE MEAN MR GOULD

AFTER MANY SQUABOLES OVER GLOVES AND REFEREE ARTHUR DOMINIAN WAS CHOSEN AS THIRD MAN IN THE RING.

YA GOTTA SHOW BAER HIS PLACE! IT'S PARTA TO FIGHT!  
 YOU'RE SMART JOE!

## **JOE PALOOKA**

By HAM FISHER

I THINK I SPRANT MY KNUCKLE.  
 HOLY SMOKES! LEMME SEE!!

HM-YA DID AWRIGHT! WE BETTER GIT A X-RAY!  
 HURTS!

THERE'S NO BREAK-IT'S A SLIGHT DISLOCATION!  
 BOY-- THAT'S LUCKY!!

BE CAREFUL WITH IT- AFTER A FEW DAYS WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE-  
 OKAY DOC- HE WON'T USE IT!

HULLO KNOBBY--  
 HULLO JOE-- I WANT YOU TMEET BILLY WHITE, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN-  
 HULLO JACK!  
 HULLO

GLAD T'KNOW YA!!  
 I-uh-- OODUH-- K-ULP!!

GLAD TMEET 'CHA MR. WALSH  
 YOW!!

HA-HA-- DON'T WORRY, I CARRY INSURANCE IN CASE I HURT YOU!  
 LET TH PUNK HAVE IT! USE YER LEFT- HE MURDERED ME!  
 IF YOUSE SAY SO--

SNACK

DON'T WORRY-- WE CARRY INSURANCE TOO-- IN CASE WE BROKE YOUR JAW!  
 ANY DON'T SQUEEZE LITTLE FELLERS HANDS NO MORE

MIGOSH! I TOLD YA TUSE YER LEFT!  
 I FERGOT-- BUT I THINK I KNOCKED THE KNUCKLE BACK IN PLACE!! FEELS SWELL--



# FISHER'S HISTORY OF BOXING

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BOWL WAS JAMMED BUT MAY BRADDOCK'S FACE WAS MISSING—SHE HEARD IT ON THE RADIO—



LISTEN THAT CROWD CHEERING YOU JIM!

THE USUAL INTRODUCTIONS—THE REFEREE'S INSTRUCTIONS—AND—THERE'S THE BELL!! BRADDOCK ADVANCES TOWARD BAER—



## JOE PALOOKA

© 1934 HAM FISHER

By HAM FISHER



BILL—HOW ARE YAT Y'LOOK YOUNGER—WHAT'S HAPPENED—HAD YER FACE LIFTED?

SHH—I'M WEARING A DUPEE!



WELL—I'LL BE!! SAY—THAT'S MARYLESS!

WHY DON'T YOU GET ONE? I'LL SEND YOU TO A GUY WHO MAKES 'EM BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD



UH—LEMME SEE ONE A THEM TDOPEES?

OH! HSHU—I'VE ONE TO FEET YOU PAIRFEEOK!



IT'S IN NERTS!! I CAN'T WAIT THEAR WHAT JOE SAYS!

YOU LOOK LIKE DE COLLEGE KID!!



HERE YARE TOOTS—IS MR. PALOOKA HERE YET?

YES MR. WALSH—HE'S WAITING FOR YOU—



MR WALSH—OH DEAR—TEE HEE!



HLD JOEY—WHAT WEATHER!! I FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER—HOW'DA I LOOK?

YOUSE LOOK AW—RIGHT YOBBER!



I BEEN SITTIN' HERE A HALF HOUR AN' HE DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE TDOPEE!!

YES—YOUSE AIN'T EATIN'—

UH—HUM! NOTICE ANYTHINGS?



THAT ABOUT MY HEAD? ARE YA SCREWY? SAY SOMETHIN'!

YOUR HEAD? MEBBE HE'S HAD TOO MANY UN—NOW'S YOUR HEAD?



YA EAP!! DON'T TRY TO KID ME IF YA WANTA SAY IT WILL SAY IT!

KNOBBY—EVERY-BUDDY'S LOOKIN' AT US—CYON, I'LL TAKE YOUSE HOME



HERE YOU ARE SIR—I CALLED TO YOU SIR—

HUH??

A NAP'LL FIX YOUSE UP



WHY DID YOUSE STOP AT THAT GARBEEGE CANE?

AW SHD IT!



# WHEN'S HISTORY OF BOXING

BRADDOCK ANAZED BAER WITH THE FIRST PUNCH—A RIGHT WHICH LANDED ON MAX'S JAW.



MAXE THREW THAT RIGHT WHICH HAD FLATTENED SO MANY BEFORE—BUT BRADDOCK WASN'T THERE! INSTEAD, BAER RECEIVED A STRAIGHT LEFT IN THE FACE.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# FISHERS HISTORY OF BOXING



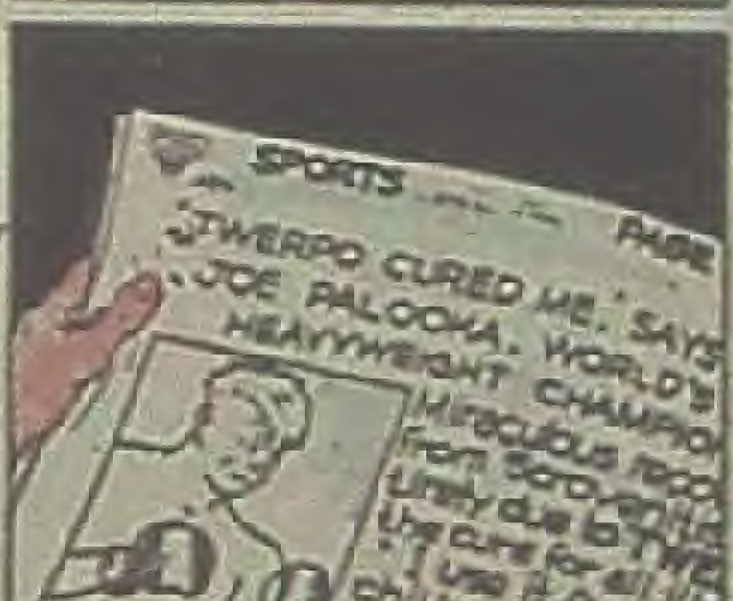
THROUGH THREE ROUNDS BRADDOCK USED HIS LEFT HAND BUT IN THE FOURTH HE SWITCHED TO A RIGHT HAND BODY ATTACK.



MAX LANDED A FEW UPPERCUTS IN THE FIFTH AND WAS WARNED ABOUT USING A BACKHAND BLOW--

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the October issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale August 31st.



# Join the BIG FEATURE FUNNIES CONTEST and \$ \$ WIN A CASH PRIZE \$ \$

*Here's all that you have to do!*

Answer the questions listed below using the printed form. Then write a short letter of 100 words telling us why you prefer FEATURE FUNNIES of all the comic magazines. Mail your letter and answers to the questions at once. The writer of the best letter will receive \$10.00 in cash. The next three best letters will receive \$5.00 each in cash and the next best 25 letters will receive \$1.00 each in cash.

As soon as you have filled out the questions below send them with your letter to FEATURE FUNNIES, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This contest is open to all readers of FEATURE FUNNIES except employees of the Company.

All letters must be in not later than September 15th.

Here's my entry to the big Contest. I am enclosing my letter with answers to the questions.

Name ..... Age ..... Years old

Address ..... Street ..... City ..... State .....

How many in your family read FEATURE FUNNIES? .....

Who are they? .....  
Father Mother Brother Sister

Does Mother buy the foods you ask for? .....

What breakfast cereal do you prefer? .....

Have you an automobile in your family? .....

What make? .....

Do you wear canvas sneakers in summer? .....

How many pairs did you buy last summer? .....

What make? .....

Do you own a bicycle? .....

What make? .....

Has it a coaster brake? .....

What make? .....

What brand of bicycle tires do you prefer? .....

Do you own a typewriter? .....

What make? .....

Do you buy five-cent brands of candy and

chewing gum? .....

Which chewing gum do you prefer? .....

Which candy bar do you prefer? .....

Do you own a camera? .....

What make? .....

What is your favorite sport? .....





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Andy

